Hospitality.

There is a great deal of mourning in certain quarters over the decay of what is called "old-fashioned hospitality." It must be remembered that things in general have changed very materially during the last one or two generations. In former days people lived in a much more isolated way than they do now, the facilities for getting from place to place were restricted, the daily newspaper was not brought to the door of every one's house, and the arrival of a stranger in the village was a noticeable event. In those times the visit of a friend from a distance was hailed with delight, bringing, as he was supposed to do, a new fund of information to be talked over, new ideas to be discussed, the freshest gossip from abroad, and possibly the latest fashion from the metropolis. He could not come by a train in the morning and depart by another in the evening; when he came he came to stay, for a journey then was a somewhat formidable affair, and nobody wanted him to leave in a hurry.

There was more leisure time to be given to visitors than there is now; men and women were not so much in a hurry; business was conducted with more deliberation; there were fewer letters to write and fewer books to read, and fewer amusements to fill up the vacant hour. The entertainment of guests was not as expensive as it is in these days, persons in moderate circumstances were not expected to make any special change in their mode of living because they had company, and everything went on after the usual fashion. And so the villagers, when they felt as if they would like a change, would pack up a bundle of clean clothes, harness old Dobbin in the wagon, and drive off to make a visit, which might last for days or weeks, according to circumstances. In mid-winter, the country cousins would take the public stage-sleigh and go down to see their city relations—emboldened to this by the certain prospect of having their city friends return the visit, with interest, when mid-summer should come. The parish minister never thought of going to the tavern, but deposited himself and his well-worn valise, and possibly some two or three of the younger scions of the family, in the domicile of his brother parson, with as little consciousness of intrusion as if he expected to pay full board for the whole concern, as long as it might be convenient for them to remain.

I do not mean to say that this broad hospitality was never abused; guests would sometimes take undue advantage of the kindness of their entertainers and drop down at the wrong time and wear out their welcome, and, it might be, make themselves offensive by their exactions and criticism and excessive freedom. Persons of an economical turn of mind might impose their company upon acquaintances, who could not afford to furnish provender for their beasts nor food for their ravenous children; and if these intrusive visitors happened to be particularly dull and stupid, as well as greedy and grasping, it required a great amount of Christian virtue to "use hospitality without grudging." I well remember how, in my boyhood, we always shuddered when we saw certain familiar old vehicles stop at the door and deposit their weary load of dusty and hungry visitors—we knew that "they came to stay," and what this meant we also knew by frequent and sad experience. When you are tolerably certain that your uninvited guests are simply making a convenience of your establishment, and come there, instead of going to a hotel, merely to save expense, and then do nothing to make themselves agreeable, it is not easy to treat them with civility. To have a visitor of this sort planted down before your eyes, morning, noon and night—hearing everything that is said, and seeing everything that is going on—perhaps interrupting you every few minutes with some insignificant remark, when you are trying to read your evening paper—commenting upon the furniture and suggesting this or that Eastlake improvement, a labrequin here and a bit of red to break up the monotony of color there—complaining of the "general want of tone" in your favorite picture; then, after a little pause, and just when you are absorbed in some interesting article, breaking in with the inquiry, "whether it is your general custom to allow your dog to enter the parlor?"—or, still worse, proposing to read to the family circle a speech delivered by Esq. Langtalk at the last town-meeting at Boreville, on "the expediency of opening a new road to Centreblast," and which, "he can assure you, put an effectual *estoppee* upon any further movement in that direction"—O, how you wish that an effectual estoppel might arrest the movement of his weary tongue, and that something might happen to call him back speedily to Boreville.

We are not to infer, because of the change of custom that we have noticed, that true hospitality has ceased to exist. Good people are as glad to see their friends as they ever were; and there is scarcely a house, in the city or country, that has not one extra room for visitors.

There are a few obvious rules, which, if they were universally observed, would greatly enhance the comfort and pleasure of both host and guest.

Every visitor is bound to do his best to make himself agreeable. If he chances to know or suspect that there is a skeleton somewhere about the premises, something which it is desired to keep out of sight, he should be careful to make no allusion to the fact. It is not expedient for him to make an effort to induce his entertainer to confide the family secret to him; when his advice and sympathy are called for, it will be time enough for him to speak. Not only should he abstain from all matters which are positively disagreeable, but he should try to make himself positively agreeable, so that the sun may shine all the brighter upon the household because of his being there. He need not be talking all the time, for other people may be as fond of the sound of their own voices as he is of his own; but, on the other hand, he ought not to be a dumb guest, for such a visitor is a very heavy load to carry. And again, as long as he remains in the house, let him be careful to comply with the regular usages of the family, and not annoy them by late hours in the morning or late hours at night, or by uncertainty of appearance at dinner-time. When he has reason to think that his visit has been protracted long enough, let him take up his luggage and depart; and if he is not asked to renew it, let him understand that his friends have had all they want of him, and wait till he hears from his friends before he intrudes upon them again.

There are also certain things which the host will do well to remember. He should not overwhelm his guest with excessive attentions, trying to find occupation for all his vacant hours, insisting upon "taking him round to see the sights," which, perhaps, he cares nothing about, never leaving him to himself, inviting a host of people to call upon him when he is longing for rest, and telling him every half-hour that "you hope he will make himself entirely at home." Neither should you give him occasion to see that you are in any way "putting yourself out" for his benefit, or that you are worried about his meat or drink; or "afraid that his bed does not quite suit him," or by apologizing for anything about the household. Neither is it quite fair, either for yourself or for him, to urge him to stay when this would not suit the convenience of either party; when he has made up his mind to go, let him go with your blessing.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed—
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

—*Bishop Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.*

How to Bathe.

The mere fact of immersing the body in water, whether salt or fresh, has no magic power for good. As a matter of physical experience, bathing causes loss of bodily heat, which is rarely if ever desirable. People generally make great mistakes as to the use of baths and bathing. It seldom happens that an ordinary bath cleanses the skin, which should be the primary purpose. For the rest, no possible good can be done by merely burying the surface of the body in water. As to the idea that the salt of the sea acts on the skin, that is a flimsy notion, resting on very insufficient premises; and if it were true, a sponging with salt-water would be better than bathing in the sea. The truth is, the value of a bath is in proportion to its effect as an agent producing reaction. There may be cases in which the abstraction of heat by bathing in cold water would do good. We know there are such cases, but they are not, as a rule, to be found among the multitudes who bathe. For the purpose of lowering the temperature of the body, cold bathing must be used under medical direction, and it is improbable that a practitioner desiring to employ this remedy would order his patient to "bathe," in the ordinary sense of the term. It may therefore be repeated that the use of bathing is to produce reaction, and act as a stimulant to the circulation, especially at the surface of the body and in the skin, This should be borne in mind, and it will be at once perceived that there is nothing but evil in prolonging the bath beyond a very brief duration. As soon as the surface is cooled, the bather should quit the water, and, rubbing the skin briskly with a rough towel, bring back the blood, and produce the redness and the glow of health. The actual length of time which a bather may remain in the water should be determined by the exercise he is able to take while in it. If he can throw his muscular system into vigorous action, so as to maintain his heat, the exercise will do him good, and in a few minutes he may secure as good a constitutional as he could get by a brisk walk, or a gallop, or a game of cricket; but unless he can thus work to make heat, he is simply throwing away heat, which he may not readily replace, every moment he remains in the bath. Many weakly but fairly healthy persons do themselves great harm by bathing frequently, and under the mistaken impression that remaining in the water is in itself healthful. This idea should be cast aside as erroneous and misleading. The only safe rule for the ordinary bather is to regard the bath as a means of promoting the circulation of his blood. If he finds that when he comes out of the water he is warmer than when he went in, he is benefitted. If he is colder, the bath has done him no good. It may not perchance have done him any serious harm, but it has certainly done no good, and a risk has been run by taking it, while the loss of heat entailed has been a waste of power. This power may be replaced; but if it is, there will need to be an expenditure of strength in some subsequent exercise which had better have been turned to profitable account on land, instead of being simply devoted to the repair of an injury inflicted in the pursuit of health.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Improved Ideas of Quality in the Draft Horse.

In one thing there has been a very marked change in the popular idea of the draft horse for use in this country. A few years ago *great size* was considered the one thing needful in a draft horse. They were not exactly bought and sold by the pound, like cattle or swine, but the weight of the horse was one of the first questions asked; *quality* was lost sight of. This rage for size led to the importation of many miserable brutes, and to the perpetuation of many glaring defects in conformation, and to the transmission of much hereditary unsoundness. But, thanks to the judgment of discriminating buyers, the public have come to understand that it takes something beside flesh and bone to make a good horse. Quality, action, endurance, and temperament are now closely scrutinized by all breeders of intelligence, as well as by the buyers of horses for the great markets; and the importer or breeder who now neglects these essentials in his selections must go into some other business.

What will be the ultimate effect of this enormous influx of foreign draft blood upon the horse stock of our Western States, where these importations mainly find a lodgment, remains to be seen. As before remarked, it is at present a profitable business, both to the importer and to the breeder; and we are satisfied that the general increase in size, which must inevitably result from the extensive use of these draft stallions, can not fail to furnish us with the basis for a substantial improvement if our subsequent breeding shall be wisely conducted.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

GENERAL.

—According to the baptismal register of a church in Holderness, N. H., Mrs. Hannah Cox was 105 years old on June 25. She retains her faculties.

—Eight New York ladies whose husbands are estimated to be worth $300,000,000 recently dined together at a Saratoga hotel. So the Albany *Journal* says.

—Boston is indignant over the discovery in one of her jails of a boy eight years old, who had been held three weeks in default of bail that his mother could not obtain.

—Nevada, Vermont and Maine pay less internal revenue tax than any other three States, and Illinois, Kentucky and New York are the three that pay most. The yield is chiefly from whisky and tobacco.

—The new slave law in Egypt will not entirely abolish slavery—at least just yet. Although no more new slaves will be permitted, slave-owners will be permitted to retain those of which they are now possessed.

—William R. Dickerson, one of the oldest lawyers in Philadelphia, was respected and fairly successful before he went into the great Whittaker will forgery. Now he is broken down, penniless and a convict.

—Charles Ashley, a swindler who has figured in the West as a pretended nobleman, was arrested in Cleveland. In his trunk were a number of different photographs of himself in the Conventional pictures of Christ, the faces of which his own strongly resembles. They seem to have been taken purely to gratify his vanity.

—An exhibition of jugs, mugs, and other drinking vessels is now being held in Vienna. The objects exhibited are all of German manufacture, both old and new. A German Journal grows sentimental over the meaning of the old German jug, and remarks that "no nation has such a true perception of the poetry of drink as the German, which finds in a mighty draught the best protection against the discomforts of life.

—The efforts made by railroad companies through soliciting agents was illustrated at Hartford, Conn., whence a hundred Chinese students are to travel across the Continent on their way home. Nine agents of the competing trunk lines visited them, each offering special inducements and the bargain finally was made at one-half their regular rates.

—A grand reunion of the Palmer family is to be held in Stonington, Conn., on the 10th and 11th of August, the anniversary of the battle of Stonington in the war of 1812. The Palmer family in this country is said to number now between 6,000 and 7,000, the various members of it being scattered over the East and West, but the majority residing in New England and New York State.

—The records of suicide do not often contain such evidence of disregard of physical suffering as that shown by a woman named Coyne, who lived near Manchester, England. This woman, who had passed the middle age, poured paraffine oil over her head, and when it had run down upon and saturated her clothing she set fire to it. The injuries she sustained resulted in her death in a very few minutes. This case has only been equaled in recent times by a Gloucester gentleman, who built a funeral pyre in the yard of his house, and, having set fire to it, mounted to the top and there awaited his end, which soon came.

—There are people who in the hottest weather will get up in the morning long before the flies have begun to open their wings to the rising sun, and they will cook and hastily bolt a scanty breakfast, rush madly around the house after collars, bonnets, umbrellas and fans, put up lunches that are not fit to be eaten, spend six hours on a railway train in order to have one or two hours of "enjoyment" at a lake side, get back home late at night tired, exasperated, fussed out, and the next morning they will crawl to work with aching heads, aching backs and rebellious stomachs, and say that they have had a day out.

—It is a curious fact that no less than $9,959,015 is waiting in the United States Treasury for people who either do not want the money and refuse to take it, or for people who do not know that it is there or that they have any claim upon it. Some of this money—it is all in the shape of bonds which have matured, on which interest has ceased, and for which no claim has been made—has been waiting for some one to come and take it away ever since 1837—forty-four years ago. The principal and the interest due and unpaid on this unclaimed money amount to $10,732,675. No doubt if the history of these unclaimed funds could be traced there would be disclosed many a story full of romance.

Lerada, the Famous Bandit of Mexico.

There are many interesting incidents related of Lerada, the remarkable Indian who for eighteen years ruled the Tepic part of the Mexican Republic. When a boy he was engaged in herding sheep and cattle on a ranch near the town of Jalisco. Every day there passed on her way to and from school a very pretty girl, of a good family, and an acquaintance began between them. She always had her books, and on her return from school the two would retire to some quiet place, where she would teach him to read and give him his first ideas of arithmetic and geography. He was exceedingly apt in learning and anxious to acquire knowledge, and he improved it in such a manner that he soon became recognized among other Indians as superior to them. His master often ill-treated him, and Lerada was often heard to say he would revenge himself. The acquaintance with the girl ripened into love, which was reciprocated. He had asked of her parents that he might marry her, a proposition that was scorned, the family calling him a beggar. But he one day killed his master and then fled to the mountains, taking a number of Indians with him. After increasing the number to eighty men, he one night entered Jalisco, went to the house of the girl, took her out, and killed those of the family whom he deemed had insulted him. He forced the cure of Jalisco to go with him to the camp on the mountains, and when there made him marry him to the girl. Lerada afterward took to the road as a brigand and was a terror for miles around. Many times troops were sent after him that never returned. About this time came the French, who, hearing of his many exploits and influence with the Indians, made overtures to him to join them, promising $30,000 per month to pay his men. Lerada accepted and went, with eight thousand men, to Mazatlan, received the first installment, came back to Tepic, disbanded them, and put the money in his pocket. He afterward received the same sum regularly, and as regularly he pocketed it. This was the beginning of his political prominence, and he rapidly made advancement in his endeavors for a complete control of the government of this section of the Republic. He appears to have been a terribly revengeful man, and anyone that he imagined had done him any injury lived but a little time after. On one occasion, at a ball in Tepic, he observed an official of the Government in conversation with a senorita with whom he was enamored. He directed one of his own officers to go to him and tell him to leave the house. Lerada, seeing the official still conversing with the young lady, again called his officer and asked if he obeyed him, and at the same time pointed to the pistol which the officer carried, asking if he was aware to what use such an instrument was put. "Now go to that man," he said, "and take him by the beard and lead him from the house." The officer, well knowing that if he disobeyed his own life would be forfeited, did as he was told. On another occasion he sent an Indian with a watch and a sum of money from his place at San Luis to Tepic. The Indian stole both, pawning the watch. He was apprehended and shot, and so, too, the poor pawnbroker and the innocent purchaser of the watch from the latter—both were arrested and shot by order of Lerada. But his ambition for extended power ruined him. His frequent successes had led him to believe that he could capture Guadalajara, and with eight thousand Indians he started for that city, when, after a well-fought battle, he was routed and obliged to return to Tepic, having lost the prestige he had gained in eighteen years, as well as the confidence of his officers. The latter "went back on him," and one "gave him away," receiving, it is said, a considerable sum for the information; and so at last Lerada was captured and soon after was shot near the bridge crossing the river passing this city. He begged earnestly for his life, one person assuring me that he offered to liquidate the American debt if released. But it was of no use; his death was inevitable, and while protesting that his actions had been for the good of the Indians, whose chief he was, the drums were rolled, a volley of musketry was heard, and the career of Lerada was at an end.

As to his wealth during his lifetime, there are many stories. One is that barrels of gold and silver were carried at his order to the mountains and there deposited by four men, who, after finishing the work, were, of course, shot, that it might not be divulged. There is at Santiago an old man who tells that he, in company with another, Ateiro, came to Tepic in the night-time, escorting Lerada and six mules heavily laden with gold and silver bars, brought from the mountains in the vicinity of Santiago, and which were deposited in Lerada's house; that after their arrival he was sent out to buy mescal, and as he had a weakness for the "vine celestial," he drank too much, got drunk, and did not return to the house. In the morning the mules were found astray. Lerada was on his way to Guadalajara, and the other man, his companion, never was heard of again. His ideas of discipline were as severe as his ideas of many other things. It was his custom to review his 24,000 Indians on the first Sunday of every month at 8 o'clock a. m., and it was expected that every man would be present or with sufficient excuse. As they had to come from many leagues away it would not seem strange if there were many delinquents. On one occasion, at one of these reviews, when those present were in the line, one unfortunate arrived ten minutes late. He was called before the chief, and, after being reprimanded before the whole army, was led to a tree and shot.

The family of Lerada, his wife and two daughters, reside at San Luis. She is in very comfortable circumstances, and is represented as a very lady-like and amiable person.—*Alta California.*

The Contents of a Snake's Stomach.

A correspondent writing from Geneva, Ga., says: "The largest rattlesnake of the season was killed near here this week by Alph Brown, an old freedman. It measured four feet and seven inches in length, and had eleven rattles. Alph says he has known the snake to be on his premises for five years, but for two years he has been missing until last week. He was discovered under his dwelling by his wife. He says she was preparing dinner and had noticed her pet cat about half way through a burned hole in the floor, which was his way of entering the room, and in a few moments his mewing caused her to think he was in distress. She called 'Tommie,' but still he did not make his entrance, and the second time she took him by the neck to pull him through, and behold! the monster had swallowed Tom's tail, and she came near pulling both through.

"She immediately left for the field to find Alph to help her conquer the enemy. Alph came with his spade, but his house being well planked around the pillars he decided to try his luck with hot water. He scalded at him for two hours without success. He then went two and a half miles and borrowed a gun, raised a plank in his floor, and gave him a charge of fifteen buckshot, which put an end to his rattling music. After examining him for some time he decided to see what he had been feasting upon, and, to his surprise, he found within him a pipe, a small pair of scissors, two knife-handles, fourteen rats and a portion of his wife's soap-gourd. Alph says he is satisfied he planked him up fully two years ago. He has smelled him often but could not find him. This is the seventeenth one he has killed on his place in three years.—*Columbus (Ga.) Times.*

Our Young Folks.

SAINT EMILY.

When grass grows green in spring-time,
And trees are bidding gay,
When the breath of bursting lilacs
Makes sweet the air of May,
When cowslips fringe the brooksides,
And violets gem the dells,
And tremble mid the mosses
The wind-flowers' slender bells,
When the fragrant lily rises
From its sheltering sheath of green,
In the city's narrow alleys
Saint Emily is seen.
A modest little maiden,
She walks secure from harm;
A basket, flower-laden,
Swings lightly on her arm,
And right and left she scatters,
Alike to bad and good,
The beauties of the garden,
The treasures of the wood.

When summer days drag slowly,
In languor, heat and pain,
To those who lie in hospital,
Never to rise again,
Dreaming, with fevered longing,
Of shady country homes,
Where roses hang in clusters,
And honeysuckle blooms,
From cot to cot, so softly,
Moves dear Saint Emily,
And here a rose she proffers,
And there a bud lays she.
The close abode of sickness
She fills with fragrant bloom;
Her gentle presence passes
Like music through the room;
And many a moaning sufferer
Hushes his sad complaint,
And follows with his weary eyes
The movements of this saint.

When autumn paints the woodlands
With scarlet and with gold,
When the blue-gentian's lids unclose
In frosty meadows cold,
From the little troop of children
That crowd some Orphan Home,
The joyous shout arises,
"Saint Emily has come!"
And round her close they gather,
An eager little band,
While from the well-stored basket
She fills each outstretched hand
With purple hillside asters,
And wondrous golden-rod,
And all the lingering flowers that love
To dress the autumn sod;
And pallid cheeks flush rosy,
And heavy eyes grow bright,
And little hearts, forlorn and lone,
Stir with a deep delight.
And when the woods are naked,
And flowers no longer blow,
When the green nooks they love so well
Are buried in the snow,
Not quite unknown that presence
To children sick in bed,
Bearing bright wreaths of autumn leaves,
And strings of berries red.
A Heaven-sent mission surely,
To cheer the sick and poor
With bounties that the bounteous God
Has strewn beside our door—
To gladden little children,
To comfort dying hours,
To bear to wretched hearts and homes
The gospel of the flowers.
What marvel if glad blessings
Surround Saint Emily!
What marvel if some loving eyes
In her an angel see!—
Yet many a thoughtful boy or girl
As sweet a saint might be.

—*Wide Awake.*

SOME FAMOUS CLOCKS.

Perhaps there are some of my little readers who are, at this very moment, anxiously watching the clock in the dining-room or hall for some happy moment to arrive. Have they ever thought how singular a thing is the measurement of time, or ever wondered about the first inventors of the art?

Perhaps none of them could tell the time of day by the shadow of a tree or house, yet just in that way was the sun-dial invented.

The first on record belonged to King Ahaz, who lived about 742 years B. C. Hour-glasses and water-clocks—or Clepsydras, as they are called—were also invented about this time, and of course you know how King Alfred measured hours, so I will tell you of Charlemagne's clock, which was the first striking-clock on record.

It was sent to him by a King of Persia, and is thus described by an Abbot who saw it:

The dial was composed of twelve doors which represented the hours, each opening at the hour it represented, when out came the same number of little balls, which fell, one by one, on a brass drum. At twelve o'clock, twelve horsemen issued forth, and, marching round the dial, shut all the doors.

Some of you have been to St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, and most of you have seen pictures of it. Well, the first wheel-clock in England was set up in this famous cathedral in the year 1286. It was made by a horologer called Hatholumme, who received a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer each day for keeping it in order. Fifty-eight years after this, it was improved by a man called Walters, and King Edward the Third ordered a new dial to be made, with two angels pointing to the hours of both day and night.

How the clock fared for four hundred years we scarcely know, but the clock and cathedral were destroyed by fire in 1666, and the present building, with its magnificent clock, was finished in 1710. The clock is remarkable for the magnitude of its wheels and the fineness of its works. It has two dials, each sixty feet in circumference. The hour numerals are a little over two feet in height. The minute hands are eight and nine feet long, and weigh seventy-five pounds each. The hour-hands are five and six feet long, and weigh forty-four pounds each. The pendulum is sixteen feet long, and its bob weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. It needs winding every eight days, and strikes the hour on a great bell, which bears the following inscription:

"RICHARD PHILIPS MADE ME, 1716."

The clapper of this bell weighs one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and it can be heard at a distance of twenty-two miles, on a clear day.

Once, during William and Mary's reign, a soldier, called Hatfield, who was on duty upon Windsor Terrace, fell asleep, but he managed to escape punishment by positively averring that he had heard the clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen at the very time when it was said he was slumbering. This was doubted by the court, on account of the great distance between Windsor and St. Paul's; but, while he was under sentence of death, several persons swore that the clock did strike thirteen instead of twelve, which evidence his Majesty King William accepted, and granted him a pardon, and he lived to be one hundred and two years old.

The bell which Hatfield heard was the "Great Tom," of Westminster, which was granted to St. Paul's in 1698, and is never used now except on the death of one of the Royal family, the Bishop of London or the Lord Mayor.

The hours of St. Paul's clock were struck before 1834 by two figures, which were called "Paul's Jacks," and from which comes the expression, "His Jock o' the Clock," meaning a servant of yours or anybody's time.

The first clock in Westminster was paid for from a fine imposed upon the Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, for reducing a poor man's fine from 13s. 4d. to 6s. 8d. This clock struck hourly, and was intended to remind the Judges of the fate of their brother, and teach lawyers the difference between 13s. 4d. and 6s. 8d. It was built two years after St. Paul's.

About the year 1365, a clock-tower of stone was erected in the court-yard, opposite the palace, or hall, and the old clock removed there; but the clock and tower were destroyed by the Roundhead Mob, in 1662, and continued in a ruinous state for fifty-three years, when it was removed to the side of New Palace Yard, and now, where this famous old clock-house once stood, is a dial inserted in the building, relating the story of the fine imposed upon Chief-Justice Hengham.

The clock now in Westminster was made in 1854. It has four dials, each twenty-two feet in diameter. The figures are gilt, on a blue surface. These dials are said to be the largest in the world. The minute-hand, on account of its great length, velocity, weight and the action of the wind upon it, requires at least twenty times more force to drive it than the hour hand.

It runs for a week, has a pendulum fifteen feet long (which weighs 680 pounds) and all the wheels are of cast iron. It takes two hours to wind, and reports its own time to Greenwich by electricity.

St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street, London—one of the most curious and historic streets in London—boasted of a clock whose quarters were struck by two giants, or savages, as they were called. They were life-sized, wooden figures, with clubs in their hands, and they struck the quarters of every hour on bells, moving their heads at the same time. They were the pets of cockneys and countrymen, and attracted great crowds. Sir Walter Scott speaks of them in his "Fortunes of Nigel," and Cowper also alludes to them.

The old church was pulled down in 1830, and the Marquis of Hartford bought the old clock and the two famous savages for £210.

The Royal Exchange clock, in London, is perhaps the most remarkable of all. It was made in 1844, and is as noted for its accuracy of time as the first Exchange clock was noted for being the worst-kept clock in London.

The old clock had four dials and chimes, which played a tune at three, six, nine and twelve o'clock; on Sunday, the 104th Psalm; Monday, "God save the King;" Tuesday, "The Waterloo March;" Wednesday, "There's nae luck aboot the house;" Thursday, "See, the conquering hero comes;" Friday, "Life let us cherish," and Saturday, "The Foot Guards' March."

On January 10, 1838, the Exchange was entirely destroyed by fire, the clock tower alone remaining, the dials indicating the exact time at which the flames reached them—the north at twenty-five minutes past one, and the south, five minutes past five—and the last air played by the chimes at twelve o'clock was, "There's nae luck aboot the house."

If you should ever go to London, and visit Westminster Abbey, there in the nave you will find two small marble slabs, diamond-shaped, on which is the simple inscription:

"Mr. T. Tompion, 1713, and Mr. G. Graham, 1751."

These men are considered the fathers of clockmaking, and were master and pupil, and lie buried together.

Now, my little friends, I hope you will look at your own clock with a great deal more interest and respect.—*Golden Days.*

Kindness to Animals.

It is a fact beyond dispute, as any observing naturalist will affirm, that the closer the relation between animals and man, the more intelligent and docile will the animal become. Upon the farm there is every reason why animals, and especially horses, should be treated, not as "dumb beasts," but as intelligent creations of the same Being who made their master. The Arabs, who are the most successful horse-trainers in the world, appreciate the value of kindness, and by making their horses equals in one sense—dwelling with them in the same tent, bestowing upon them almost the same love and caresses as are bestowed upon their children, who are allowed the colts for playmates, the Arabian horse has become the most intelligent and easily-controlled of its race. It is not enough to feed an animal and give it a comfortable bed: it has feelings as well as its master and can appreciate kindness. It must be uniform kindness, however; a pet to-day and a kick to-morrow amounting very nearly to continued abuse—at least, so far as the horse's temper is concerned. Many a horse has been injured, if not spoiled, by being placed in the care of a half-grown boy, whose only ideas of driving, and showing his authority, seemed to be jerking at the reins and yelling. Unfeeling or impatient hired help, also, do much toward making ugly or "tricky" horses. An animal treated with unvarying kindness will soon learn to have confidence in its master, and is therefore more readily trained. In Belgium, horses are so well trained that they are guided almost wholly by word of mouth, the driver relying upon the intelligence of his horse rather than upon the bit. A Belgian plow-horse in an awkward situation will obey readily as many as five separate and distinct orders, the single check-rein meanwhile remaining attached to the plow-handle, leaving the driver's hands free for the harder task of guiding the plow. This certainly illustrates the economy of having trained animals for farm work. There is much in finding out the peculiarities of a horse's disposition; he may have some whims that it will pay to occasionally indulge. Make him feel your friendship, treating him firmly but with uniform kindness, showing that you are not only his master, but friend, and he will return the kindness with interest.—*Charles R. Dodge.*

—The London *Globe*, saying that tidiness is one of the virtues of mediocrity and of femininity, speaks of the tidy man as one who makes a capital bank clerk, an excellent station-master in a second-rate town, a diocesan inspector, schoolmaster or an adjutant of volunteers.